the Ladder
april50¢

purpose of the

Daughters of BILITIS

A WOMEN'S ORGANIZATION FOR THE PURPOSE OF PROMOTING THE INTEGRATION OF THE HOMOSEXUAL INTO SOCIETY BY:

1. Education of the variant, with particular emphasis on the psychological, physiological and sociological aspects, to enable her to understand herself and make her adjustment to society in all its social, civic and economic implications—this to be accomplished by establishing and maintaining as complete a library as possible of both fiction and non-fiction literature on the sex deviant theme; by sponsoring public discussions on pertinent subjects to be conducted by leading members of the legal, psychiatric, religious and other professions; by advocating a mode of behavior and dress acceptable to society.

2. Education of the public at large through acceptance first of the individual, leading to an eventual breakdown of erroneous taboos and prejudices; through public discussion meetings aforementioned; through dissemination of educational literature on the homosexual theme.

3. Participation in research projects by duly authorized and responsible psychologists, sociologists and other such experts directed towards further knowledge of the homosexual.

4. Investigation of the penal code as it pertains to the homosexual, proposal of changes to provide an equitable handling of cases involving this minority group, and promotion of these changes through due process of law in the state legislatures.

the Ladder

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THE LADDER is regarded as a sounding board for various points of view on the homophile and related subjects and does not necessarily reflect the opinion of the organization.

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In the wake of –
The Wolfenden Report

"....WHAT THE MEMBERS OF THE WOLFENDEN COMMITTEE HAVE SAID BETWEEN THE COVERS OF THE BLUE BOOK CAN NEVER AGAIN BE QUITE AS SHOCKING AS BEFORE THEY SAID IT. THEIR PROPOSALS HAVE TAKEN THE FIRST STEP ON THE LONG ROAD THAT LEADS FROM THE OUTRAGEOUS TO THE COMMONPLACE.."

BARBARA WOOTTON, TWENTIETH CENTURY MAGAZINE
JANUARY 1958

ALTHOUGH THE WOLFENDEN REPORT RECOMMENDATIONS (THE WOLFENDEN COMMITTEE RECOMMENDED THAT HOMOSEXUAL ACTS BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS CARRIED OUT IN PRIVATE BE NO LONGER CONSIDERED A CRIME IN ENGLAND.) WERE NOT, AFTER ALL, ACCEPTED BY THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, THE REPORT EVOKED A CURRENT OF FRANK DISCUSSION IN THE BRITISH PRESS THAT WILL NOT BE ALTOGETHER WASTED, IN OUR OPINION, AND WHICH MAY BE INTERESTING TO THE READERS OF THE LADDER.

MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES REPORTED IN THE "NEW YORKER MAGAZINE" OF DECEMBER 13, 1958, THAT MOST OF THE ENGLISH PRESS WAS IN FAVOR OF ACCEPTING THE REPORT'S RECOMMENDATIONS. HOWEVER, IT IS NOT CLAIMED THAT THE THREE ARTICLES DISCUSSED BELOW ARE NECESSARILY TYPICAL OF ALL ASPECTS OF BRITISH OPINION.

NEW STATESMAN PRESENTS FAVORABLE VIEW

PROFESSOR A. J. AYER TOOK THE POSITION, IN THE "NEW STATESMAN" FOR NOVEMBER 22, 1958, THAT THE CASE FOR THE WOLFENDEN REPORT WAS "OVERWHELMING". HE ARGUED THAT SOCIAL REFORM NEED NOT AND SHOULD NOT WAIT UNTIL PUBLIC OPINION IS "READY". WHAT, HE ASKED, WOULD HAVE BEEN THE ENGLISH WORKER'S PLIGHT IF THE FACTORY ACTS OF 1870 HAD WAITED UPON PUBLIC OPINION. (OTHERS IN ENGLAND DID NOT AGREE, FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S REJECTION WAS BASED PRECISELY ON THE GROUND THAT PUBLIC OPINION WAS NOT READY.)

THE FACT IS, PROFESSOR AYER BELIEVES, THAT THOSE WHO WISH TO PRESERVE LAWS AGAINST HOMOSEXUALITY DON'T REGARD IT AS A MENACE TO THEM. THEY ARE RATHER MOVED BY REPUGNANCE - AND THOSE WHO HAVE THE STRONGEST FEELINGS OF REPUGNANCE ARE THOSE THE LEAST LIKELY TO CONSIDER THE MATTER RATIONALLY..

PROFESSOR AYER STATED OPENLY THAT HE "DOES NOT SHARE THE VIEW" THAT HOMOSEXUAL BEHAVIOR IS "WRONG "IN ITSELF. HE DID NOT DENY THAT UNDER PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITIONS THERE ARE MANY ATTENDANT EVILS - SUCH AS MORAL ISOLATION, FURTIVENESS ACCOMPANYING FEAR OF RIDICULE OR DISGRACE, DIFFICULTY IN FORMING STABLE RELATIONSHIPS. HE FELT, THOUGH, THAT THESE EVILS RESULT FROM PREVAILING SOCIAL ATTITUDES AND LEGAL SANCTIONS, RATHER THAN FROM THE INTRINSIC NATURE OF A HOMOSEXUAL ACT.

DISCUSSION BY NOTED SOCIOLOGIST AND PSYCHIATRIST

AN INTERESTING PAIR OF ARTICLES ON THE SAME SUBJECT APPEARED IN THE ENGLISH MAGAZINE "TWENTIETH CENTURY" FOR JANUARY 1958, ONE WRITTEN BY THE EMINENT SOCIOLOGIST BARBARA WOOTTON, AND THE OTHER BY EMANUEL MILLER, A PSYCHIATRIST AND CO-EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH JOURNAL OF DELINQUENCY".

MISS WOOTTON TOOK UP THE ARGUMENTS WHICH HAD BEEN MADE AGAINST THE REPORT'S RECOMMENDATIONS, AND DISPOSED OF THEM SYSTEMATICALLY. THE MORAL ARGUMENT, SHE POINTED OUT, CANNOT BE SETTLED BY RATIONAL ARGUMENT. "EITHER YOU CONSIDER THESE ACTIONS IMMORAL OR YOU DON'T."

THE UTILITARIAN ARGUMENT (RIGHT ACTION IS WHAT PROMOTES THE WELFARE AND HAPPINESS OF THE GREATEST NUMBER OF PEOPLE) MIGHT SEEM MORE LIKELY, SHE BEGAN, BUT SHOWED THAT THIS TOO WOULD NOT STAND UP TO CAREFUL CONSIDERATION. ANY CLAIM THAT HOMOSEXUALITY THREATENS THE SECURITY AND HAPPINESS OF FAMILY LIFE IS WEAK.... "FOR IN CASES WHERE CONFIRMED HOMOSEXUALS ARE INVOLVED IT MAY BE EXTRAORDINARILY DIFFICULT TO ESTABLISH THAT ANY THIRD PARTIES ARE AT ALL CLOSELY AFFECTED; AND THE NOTION THAT HOMOSEXUALS WHO ARE PREVENTED FROM INTERCOURSE WITH ONE ANOTHER WILL FOUND HAPPY FAMILIES SEEMS HIGHLY OPTIMISTIC, AND IS ALL TOO BELIED BY THE UNHAPPY EXPERIENCES OF THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED TO DO IT."

BESIDES THIS, MISS WOOTTON CONTINUED, HOMOSEXUALITY IS LESS TO

BE CENSURED THAN ADULTERY"....FOR THE HOMOSEXUAL, UNLIKE THE ADULTERER, DOES NOT RISK HIS SIN BEING VISITED UPON AN UNBORN LIFE WHOM THAT SIN MAY CREATE..."

AS TO THE CHARACTER OF THE HOMOSEXUAL, MISS WOOTTEN DENIED THAT SUCH PERSONS ARE "DEMONSTRABLY BAD THROUGH AND THROUGH. MANY OF US COULD NAME EXAMPLES WHOSE CONDUCT IN ALL OTHER RESPECTS IS EXCEPTIONALLY ADMIRABLE."

CULTURAL INFLUENCE IN PUBLIC HOSTILITY

DR. MILLER IN HIS CONTRIBUTION MADE THIS SUCCINCT COMMENT ABOUT PREVAILING HOSTILITY TO THE HOMOSEXUAL:

> "IT SHOULD BE OBVIOUS TO ANYONE WHO CAN DETACH HIMSELF FROM THE STRONG CULTURAL ABHORRENCE TO ALL FORMS OF SEXUAL DEVIATION THAT NEITHER REASON NOR EMPIRICAL EXPERIENCE CAN EXPLAIN AND SUPPORT THE PREVAILING ATTITUDE TOWARDS THOSE HOMOSEXUAL PRACTICES WHICH ARE UNRELATED TO VIOLENCE, SEDUCTION OF THE YOUNG, OR OVERT INDECENCY."

THE QUESTION OF WHETHER HOMOSEXUALITY IS A DISEASE WAS ALSO TAKEN UP BY DR. MILLER. AFTER POINTING OUT THAT THERE ARE MANY VARIETIES OF HOMOSEXUALITY, HE WROTE: "...NONE OF THESE NEED BEAR THE LABEL OF DISEASE UNLESS, FOR REASONS WHICH ONLY PSYCHOANALYSIS CAN DISCLOSE, THE EQUILIBRIUM (OF THE PERSONALITY) BREAKS DOWN. WHEN THIS OCCURS, THEN BOTH NEUROSIS AND CRIMINOSIS CAN AND DO EMERGE FROM TIME TO TIME." BUT IT REQUIRES "CLINICAL INSPECTION IN TERMS OF CHARACTER ANALYSIS AND SOCIAL RESPONSIVENESS" BEFORE A DECISION CAN BE REACHED AS TO THE STATUS OF THE CONDITION.

IT IS CLEAR ENOUGH, MILLER BELIEVES, WHERE "CRIMINOSIS" IS INVOLVED - NAMELY IN CASES OF ASSAULT, SEDUCTION, AND OVERT OFFENSIVE BEHAVIOR. "BUT DISEASE - NOT ALWAYS." HE REMINDED THE READER OF KINSEY'S STATISTICS AS TO THE PREVALENCE OF HOMOSEXUALITY, AND STATED "CONSTITUTIONAL VARIETIES DO NOT CONSTITUTE DISEASE UNLESS THE FUNCTIONS OF MIND OR BODY OR BOTH ARE CLEARLY DISCERNIBLE AS DISTURBED IN THE LIGHT OF SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS OF RECOGNIZED DISORDER."

DR. MILLER RAISED THE QUESTION OF WHETHER THE FORMATION OF A

DEVIANT MINORITY GROUP, CREATING ITS OWN CLIMATE OF "NORMALITY", IS GOOD FOR THE COMMUNITY. HE IS NOT SURE OF THE ANSWER. BUT HE DOES RECOGNIZE THAT SUCH A GROUP CAN AND DOES "MAKE A SIGNIFICANT CONTRIBUTION TO CULTURE."

IN SUM, MILLER FEELS THE CONDITION IS NOT A DISEASE IN ITSELF, BUT HE BELIEVES THAT "THE INNER TENSIONS WHICH MANY HOMOSEXUAL FORMS OF CHARACTER DO DISCLOSE INDICATE AN EMOTIONAL UNBALANCE FROM WHICH MENTAL DISORDER CAN MORE EASILY SPRING THAN FROM HETEROSEXUAL MENTAL STRUCTURES." THERE ARE, HE THINKS, "NOT INFREQUENT UNDERTONES OF PARANOID, SCHIZOID, OR HYSTERICAL CHARACTER."

DR. MILLER DID NOT FURTHER DEFINE "HOMOSEXUAL FORMS OF CHARACTER", NOR "HETEROSEXUAL MENTAL STRUCTURES". NOR DID HE TAKE UP THE QUESTION OF WHETHER THE "EMOTIONAL UNBALANCE" AND INNER TENSIONS REFERRED TO ARE IN HIS OPINION AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE HOMOSEXUALITY, OR WHETHER THEY ARE THE RESULT OF LATER SOCIAL EXPERIENCE.

EDITORIAL VIEW FAVORABLE

IN AN EDITORIAL COMMENT PRECEDING THE TWO ARTICLES JUST MENTIONED, "TWENTIETH CENTURY" CAME OUT IN FAVOR OF THE REPORT, AND SAID:

> ".....THERE IS EVERY CASE AGAINST PUNISHING PEOPLE IF THERE IS DOUBT ABOUT THE GROUNDS ON WHICH THEY ARE BEING PUNISHED OR DOUBT ABOUT THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE PUNISHMENT. IN A PLURAL SOCIETY THE MORE MATTER THAT CAN BE LEFT TO THE CONSCIENCE OF THE CITIZEN THE BETTER .....SOME PEOPLE WOULD SEEM TO ENJOY BEING HAMMERS OF GOD, AND SOME WHO ARE DOUBTFUL ABOUT GOD NEVERTHELESS LIKE TO KEEP THE HAMMER HANDY."

THESE FEW SAMPLES OF ENGLISH THINKING ABOUT HOMOSEXUALITY ARE INTERESTING BECAUSE THE COMMENTATORS FREQUENTLY WENT BEYOND A DISCUSSION OF THE LEGAL ASPECT, TO TAKE UP MORAL AND OTHER QUESTIONS, WHERE THE VIEWS EXPRESSED HAVE BEEN STRIKINGLY LIBERAL AND FREE OF PREJUDICE. IT SEEMS DOUBTFUL THAT AMERICAN MAGAZINES OF NATION-WIDE REPUTATION COULD GO THIS FAR AT THE PRESENT TIME.

- FLORENCE CONRAD

Love is not LOVE

A story by JODY SHOTWELL

Myra lay silent in the darkness, simulating the long-drawn breaths of sleep until Lee was quiet in her own bed an arm's length away. Some of these nights, when Lee had been out late, Myra didn't pretend, but would speak. Then Lee, always chiding her for not going to sleep, would talk to her for awhile, tell her something of the evening, until her voice died away to a murmur. And often Myra would lie awake long after Lee was deep in slumber, thinking, and envying Lee for her youthful capacity for easy sleep.

And tonight, restless again, Myra was aware of a diffuseness within her, of being taken by an old emotion, rather than any direct kind of thought. In the thin layers of moonlight filtering through the blinds, she could see the slender mound of Lee's body beneath the light sheet, and suddenly she knew that she wanted to be close to Lee, for just a moment. But, remembering the humiliation that followed her last such gesture, she knew she could not and would not.

Nearly a year ago, obeying a similar impulse, she had gone from her bed and pressed a kiss to Lee's forehead, put out her hand and smoothed the rumpled curls. Then, not being quite asleep, Lee had reached out, misinterpreting the gesture, and pulled Myra down beside her.

It was a mistake. The first ten years of their lives together as lovers had long ago settled itself into a more quiescent kind of relationship. In the beginning, when Lee was only twenty and Myra thirty-six, the difference had not been so marked. Only as the years went on did it show itself in the gradual cessation of passion. But by then their mutual need was firmly rooted in the things they had built together. The rest was scarcely missed.

So, that night a year ago was a mistake, a vain attempt to recapture what was lost. Thinking about it now, Myra's face burned again with the mortification of her failure. Sighing, she turned toward the window and closed her eyes.

"Myra?" Lee's drowsy voice a tentative whisper.

"Yes? I thought you were asleep." Myra spoke without stirring.

"I was. I heard you tossing. Don't you feel well?"

"Yes, of course. Go back to sleep, I'm all right."

Silence again then, but Myra felt comforted in Lee's solicitude. This, at least, was one thing that had not changed. So much else had. Not overtly, at first, except for the one evening a week Lee went out alone. Otherwise their placid lives went on...Myra occupied with her job, her absorption with cooking, sewing and womanlike things. Lee, with her work, her love for carpentering, fixing and building things around the house. And, of course, their friends, (her friends, Myra thought, wryly) who came once a week for bridge.

Her friends, who, until that evening six months ago she had considered Lee's friends, too. How strange, she mused, that it is possible to live with someone for so long and not to know, not to guess at all, the pressures going on inside. She had been so confident that Lee was completely satisfied with their way of life. Granted that Lee was a generation or two younger than any of the others in their group, she seemed, with her unusual maturity, to accept, to fit in, and be accepted. Then, suddenly, that evening the quarrel. Lee had seemed morose, uncommunicative through the game, and when everyone left at midnight, she had slammed the coffee cups into the sink and said "Thank God that's over!"

Myra looked at her, astonished. "What in the world is the matter with you!" she had exclaimed. It all came out then. Lee was sick and tired of the whole stuck-in-the-mud bunch. She was tired of bridge and coffee and cake and television. She wanted, needed, the company of people her own age. She wanted out...some kind of OUT.

"Are you sick and tired of me, too, Lee?" Myra asked.

"Don't be ridiculous."

"Then what do you want? You know you can do whatever you want."

Lee fell silent then and they went to bed with unspoken things between them.

In the morning, the anger gone, they talked it over quietly. They agreed that Lee must have one evening a week of her own, to do as she pleased, go where she pleased and with whom, unquestioned.

"I'm not going out looking for...you know what," Lee said. "Just fun, you know. A little, how do the kids say it these days, jumping?"

Myra understood. Years ago they used to dance a bit, at private parties. But when liquor started to make havoc with her innards they stopped going to parties. For a long time now, the extent of their outside recreation had been concerts, the opera, and an occasional play.

So, Lee took her one night a week and it went well. Perhaps it was because it went so well, because Lee was so serenley content with the new arrangement, that Myra was able to know exactly when Alice Norman appeared on the scene.

There was nothing obvious in Lee's demeanor when she came in that night. It was only in retrospect that Myra deciphered the meaning in the aura of excitement that encircled Lee. Something new was in her eyes and scarcely concealed in her voice.

The certainty was given Myra a few days later in the form of a letter that Lee took upstairs to read, and then a telephone call which Myra answered. The voice was sweet and a little tremulous. Myra beckoned to Lee and handed the receiver to her, silently.

"Who was that?" she asked, casually as possible, when Lee came back into the kitchen.

"Oh, a girl I met recently. Alice Norman. Very nice kid." Lee helped herself from the casserole. "This looks delicious."

"Kid?"

"Well, about my age I guess."

Subsequently, as the weeks went on, Myra learned more about Alice Norman. Lee made no effort to be secretive, but was in fact so casual about her dates with the girl that Myra was disarmed. And she certainly had no cause to complain. Lee performed her tasks about the house with the usual regularity, and her disposition-for a time-was so agreeable that a greater felicity than ever reigned between them.

Then, abruptly, this changed. Lying there now, her eyes open to the moonlight, Myra reproached herself for having been so obtuse. Whereas she had assigned Lee's frankness concerning Alice to total absence of infidelity, it now seemed clear that it meant just the opposite. It meant, now that she saw it clear, that Lee was happy because all of her needs were being satisfied, and open because she felt no guilt in the fulfillment. It was only when Lee's serenity turned to moodiness that the fear began to grow. What else but a lovers' quarrel would suddenly plunge Lee one day into unexplained dejection...and what but a lovers' reconciliation raise her again to equally inexplicable elation? For so it had been these past two weeks, and Myra, whether Lee was dejected or elated, felt ominously certain that their life together was about to slip away.

Well, if it was, there was nothing she could do about it. Long ago, friends had warned her of the danger in a relationship with someone so much younger.

"It's all right now," they observed, "but in years to come..."

But at thirty-six, and still full of the vibrance of youth, she had refused to look ahead. And now, even now that the prophecy was fulfilled, she was not sorry to have ignored it. Twelve years of almost complete happiness was as much as anyone could ask.

But she must sleep, she must, or she'd be fit for nothing in the morning. Resolutely, she closed her eyes and let the sound of Lee's even breathing lull her to sleep.

Summer came overnight. The unseasonably cool spring had extended into June, and then, next morning, Myra and Lee awoke to a blazing hot sun pouring through the open blinds.

Vapid and ill-feeling, Myra dragged herself out of bed. Lee, on the other hand, sprang up and executed an ecstatic sun-dance in her pajamas.

"Ah, warm, warm, warm!" she crowed. "What is lovelier than the warm hot sun!"

"You're in a gay mood this morning," Myra said.

"You know me, baby," Lee chirped. "Toujours tres gay!"

Myra sat on the edge of her bed and watched Lee disappear into the bathroom. Heavily then, she put on her robe and went into the kitchen to put the coffee on. So, she thought, whatever happened last night was good. For Lee, and, she supposed, for Alice. She had never seen Lee quite this exuberant and there must be a reason for it other than the summer sun.

All morning, bending over the desk at her office, Myra was overcome with utter melancholy. The sudden heat was oppressive and she was grateful when the lunch hour arrived. But instead of taking refuge in the air-conditioned cafeteria in her building, Myra went out and walked along the avenue. She had no appetite. She wanted only to think. Not until she had reached the little center city park did she realize the direction she had taken. Between the trees, through the park, she could see the facade of the public library. Inside the library was Alice Norman. She knew that because Lee had told her.

Myra stopped a moment before climbing the steps, patted her face with a tissue and smoothed her hair. Inside, she was temporarily blinded until her eyes adjusted themselves to the quiet shadows of the large room.

Three librarians were standing behind the counter and two were seated at desks. Which was Alice? Some horrid masochistic thing inside her wanted to look upon her enemy, her vanquisher.

Mentally eliminating the two older women at the counter, she looked carefully at the remaining three. Two of them were dark-haired and Lee had told her that Alice was "almost blonde." That description fit only the slender honey-haired girl who had arisen from one of the desks and was now replacing books on a shelf at the far end of the room.

Myra walked slowly, quietly, across the gleaming floor until she had reached the place where she could see the girl's face. She regarded for just a moment the attractive features of Alice Norman and then pretended to look at the titles on a top shelf.

"Pardon me, I just want to slip a book in here," the sweet voice half whispered. Alice was standing beside her and they were looking squarely into each other's eyes. It seemed then impossible for Myra not to speak.

"Are you Alice Norman?" she asked. The girl's brown eyes widened.

"Why, yes." Then suddenly, she flushed. "I think I know who you are, too."

"You do?" Myra felt a kind of pity for the younger woman. She was so obviously taken off balance.

"You're Myra. I know from Lee's description."

"Oh, so you and Lee talk about me!" Myra was sorry immediately that she said it. It sounded brusque and unpleasant and she really didn't feel that way at all.

Alice laughed a bit weakly. "I-we--well, you know. It would only be natural to...."

"Have you had lunch, Alice?" Myra asked, impulsively.

"No, I was just going." She looked at her hands. "If you would wait for me to wash up...?"

The drugstore was quiet and they took a booth in the back.

(Continued on page 21)

Homosexuals and Handwriting

by Jan Fraser

"This man is homosexual. He is afraid to talk. He is near suicide. He needs help."

Helen King explained all this to the man who presented her with Anthony's handwriting sample.

The man looked startled. Anthony had killed himself only a short time before!

Mortally ill, virtually friendless and without hope, a young homosexual girl, deserted by her parents and told by them, "It would have been better if you had never been born," attempted to throw herself from a window. She was saved from self-destruction only because of a friend's strange desire to hurry home before the regular time.

These two incidents were recounted by Miss King in her lecture, "Homosexuality in Handwriting and Doodling," sponsored by the New York chapters of the Daughters of Bilitis and the Mattachine Society last month. A noted graphologist and author of "Your Doodles and What They Mean," the speaker added that her desire to learn more about the homophile was stimulated by a request from a broadcasting company to appear on the Fannie Hurst TV panel show on homosexuality.

"I was informed," she said, "15 minutes before I was to go on the air, that this subject was censored and they were going to talk about doodles."

However, Miss King did bring up the forbidden subject on the program and, she told the audience at the lecture, the results have been far-reaching. Since the TV show she has received letters from influential people who want literature on homosexuality; she has been interviewed by newspapers on the subject and she has lectured concerning this topic to many different groups of people. She mentioned the fact that "most people are happy to

discuss this subject, as long as someone else brings it up first."

In attempting to clarify the term homosexual for the audience (which was made up not only of members of the Daughters of Bilitis and the Mattachine Society, the sponsoring groups, but of psychiatrists, psychologists, and members of the American Graphological Society), Miss King quoted from Dr. Blanche Baker's introduction to "Gay Bar". "Homosexuals are human beings. They are interesting, real, beauty loving people,.....Homosexuals are simply people who prefer the love of members of their own sex."

Miss King also explained the Animus and Anima theory of Dr. Carl Jung, which recognizes the basic bisexuality of man by using the terms Anima, the woman in man, and Animus, the man in woman. Because of this duality present in most of us, Miss King said, it is impossible to determine sex from handwriting. The only things that can be determined from the writing are the dominant traits of the person.

In a masculine hand some feminine traits which might lead the analyst to suspect a feminine dominance are malformed lower loops, sharp tooth n's, g's like figure 8's, and a too rounded writing. An angular, strong style might indicate a masculine dominance in a female handwriting.

Later in the program, while analysing individual handwriting and doodling samples from the audience, Miss King explained some types of doodles. People who doodle flowers and leaves have a love of nature. These are called "happy doodles." Doodling houses shows a sense of security. When you put a lock on the door of your house you're anti-social. Windows in your house and flowers in the front yard show you like company. The person who doodles geometric figures is interested in building, planning, projecting. A stairway doodle shows a desire for material or spiritual success.

A more serious type of doodle is any design, such as

an arrow, which seems to slash toward the writer. This may indicate a desire for self-destruction. In discussing this particular form of writing, Miss King exhibited a sample of the handwriting of the girl, mentioned earlier, who had attempted suicide, and showed this slashing form in the downward stroke of a D combined with a downward curve which illustrated her method of suicide, a leap downward from a building.

Miss King ended her lecture with a plea for tolerance and understanding for the homosexual.

"Perhaps because of the sufferings of Anthony and this girl we will be stimulated to do something about this problem. Those of us with contacts owe it to ourselves, to Anthony, to this girl, to see if we can't make life a little easier for the homosexual, so that their troubled lives will not have been lived in vain!"

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8 - DOB BUSINESS MEETING AT 8 P.M., 2174 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, BASEMENT APARTMENT.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18 - PARTY - FOR MEMBERS ONLY, AND THEIR GUESTS. RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE TO THE OFFICE , THE SOCIAL CHAIRMAN OR ONE OF THE OFFICERS BY WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15.

FRIDAY, APRIL 24 - GAB 'N JAVA, AN INFORMAL DISCUSSION SESSION OPEN TO ALL WOMEN. AT 8 P.M., 2217 FILLMORE ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

SATURDAY, MAY 2 - MONTHLY WORK PARTY TO ASSEMBLE AND MAIL THE LADDER. WITHOUT YOUR HELP THIS CANNOT BE DONE. IT IS WORK, BUT ALSO FUN. FROM NOON ON AT THE DOB OFFICE, 165 O'FARRELL ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

LESBIANA

98. THE CALL GIRL BY DR. HAROLD GREENWALD. NEW YORK BALLANTINE. 1958.

'A SOCIAL AND PSYCHOANALYTIC STUDY' (SUB-TITLE) OF TWENTY-SIX OF 'THE ARISTOCRATS OF PROSTITUTION', GIRLS MAKING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF $20,000 A YEAR. ALL WERE FROM HOMES WHERE THEY FELT UNWANTED. THE MAJORITY HAD ATTEMPTED SUICIDE. ONLY TEN EVER HAD ANY SATISFACTION WITH MEN. FIFTEEN HAD HAD, OR WERE HAVING, LESBIAN ATTACHMENTS. (THIS ASPECT MENTIONED ONLY INCIDENTALLY, NOT DISCUSSED, BUT VIEWED WITHOUT PREJUDICE).

99. CREEP INTO THY NARROW BED BY LEONARD BISHOP. DIAL PRESS, 1954 (PYRAMID BOOKS, 1956)

THIS AUTHOR HAS WRITTEN A POWERFUL EXPOSE OF A RUTHLESS ABORTION RACKET. HIS HERO ADAM MICHAELS IS THE MAIN PROTAGONIST; HOWEVER, HE HAS INCLUDED A WELL-DRAWN MAJOR PICTURE OF A YOUNG GIRL'S DISCOVERY AND ACCEPTANCE OF LESBIANISM. ADAMS' SISTER PATRICIA (PETEY) MICHAELS AND HER LOVER LINDA ARE TREATED WITH TENDERNESS AND SYMPATHY. MR. BISHOP HAS ALSO INCLUDED A DOZEN PAGES OF PHILOSOPHY ON HOMOSEXUALITY IN GENERAL AND HE ARGUES FOR SOCIAL ACCEPTANCE AND EQUAL RIGHTS FOR LESBIANS ON THE GROUNDS THAT THEY HARM NO ONE AND THEREFORE SHOULD BE LEFT ALONE.

100. NIGHTWOOD BY DJUNA BARNES. HARCOURT, 1937 (STILL AVAILABLE IN HARDBACK)

THE HECTIC LOVE AFFAIR OF ROBIN VOTE AND NORA FLOOD. TWO OF THE LOST AND LONELY IN THE WORLD OF MANY LOST AND LONELY PEOPLE. THE SETTING IS PARIS AND NEW ENGLAND. THE ENDING IS POETICALLY PERFECT BUT IS SPINE-CHILLING TRAGEDY. IT IS A TREMENDOUS LYRIC WORK OF ART. ON PURE LITERARY MERIT ALONE IT IS UNEQUALLED IN LESBIAN LITERATURE. (NOT FROM A SUBJECTIVE STANDPOINT. THE HONORS THERE WOULD BE FOR CLAIRE MORGAN OR GALE WILHELM).

THEY WALK IN SHADOW

By J. D. Mercer. Published by
Comet Press, New York, 1959

This fat, 573-page book by a male bisexual layman (he prefers the term "ambisexual") attempts to cover the subject of homosexuality from A to Z, and to strike a ringing blow for reform in the law and in social attitudes. It is an honest book, written in a frankly pleading style, but with an effort at objectivity, by one who has obviously given the subject considerable thought and study, and whose heart is undoubtedly in the right place.

This does not make it a good book. In fact it is a rambling, repetitious, heavy-handed amateurish effort which will convince few who need convincing. It may help a few guilt-ridden homosexuals with the persistence to plough through its pages. What it has to say could have been said more effectively in one third the space; and the reader pressed for time and without specialised interests will not lose much if he confines his attention to the Summary chapter.

The book contains chapters on historical references, on homosexual literature, psychosomatic aspects, homosexual emotions, causation factors, homosexual behavior, and on other topics, together with several chapters on the legal aspects of the question. (Do not expect the chapter headings, however, to provide more than the roughest kind of guide as to content.) Male homosexuality is the primary concern of the writer, though he refers to Lesbianism from time to time. There is something for almost every taste-including a description of sexual techniques for the curious. The book relies heavily on Kinsey, whose statistics are repeated at every opportunity, and on Albert Ellis, who is quoted liberally.

The author's point of view as to the nature of homosexuality is unorthodox: He considers that it is a form of arrested development in the evolutionary (not the psycho-

logical) sense, and is therefore "innate" and "congenital", but is not a unit character transmitted through the genes. His position follows from the view (which he traces through in detail) that maleness is a later and more advanced evolutionary stage than femaleness. This gets him into some difficulties in explaining female homosexuality. After ignoring the problem at first, he eventually comes to grips with it weakly by the statement that "congenital homosexuality, in the sense that this condition occurs in males, may be rare or unknown (in females). If it exists, and could be demonstrated, it would necessarily be considered as an over-development of evolutionary male characteristics engrafted in the basic female-infantile (that is, normal) pattern." We would guess that this view will be rather hard to sell to the scientific community.

There is some scattered discussion of varieties of homosexuality, with an implication (far from clearly or consistently stated) that the exclusive homosexual's condition is not innate. Mercer shares Albert Ellis' view that this variety of homosexual, and only this one, is neurotic (the "true abnormal").

Mercer's discussion of theories of causation, despite the advance claims made for the book, is not complete. It is heavily weighted in the direction of dissecting such early writers as Havelock Ellis, Magnus Hirschfeld, Krafft-Ebing, etc. Of the moderns, he discusses George Henry critically, and of course Kinsey and Albert Ellis with full approval. There is only passing attention to Freud and the post-Freudians, who are the real shapers of modern thought on homosexuality. He rejects their conclusions en masse, and here and there makes apt and effective criticism of particular points, but nowhere gives a full description or analysis of their position. The book is not a serious challenge, therefore, to prevailing views, except as it presents an alternate view for consideration.

The chapters dealing with the law and how it should be reformed (when they get down to business, after much fantastic and rhetorical nonsense) appeared to this reviewer as the best parts of the book. They follow in general the view, coming to be more and more widely held on these questions, that the criterion of crime should be demon-

strable injury to particular persons or property, and not somebody's moral athorrence.

On the sociological side, Mercer believes, though he admits it can't be proven by statistics, that homosexuality may be on the increase. And among the reasons for this, he includes the growing economic and intellectual independence of women, along with a stifling of aggressive attitudes in men. He paints a lurid picture (admitting himself that it is "slightly astigmatic" and a "caricature") of the predatory female, and the "half-man" enslaved not so much by women as by our machine society. His prescription for a reduction of the incidence of homosexuality is, in part, to "let boys be boys" and to encourage girls to be girls. "Common sense suggests", he says, "that girl children should not be taught or permitted to adopt the mannerisms and attitudes of small boy companions. Male children should not be encouraged to imitate behavior patterns that, in adult life, are most associated with femininity."

Here is room for controversy. This reviewer wonders what part of the homosexual population was actually "encouraged" by parents to act like the opposite sex. And what part, on the contrary, may have been driven to it irrevocably just because parents did not permit the boy to play with dolls or the girl with Erector sets. Perhaps research will some day help give us an answer to these questions. We certainly don't have it now.

In sum, this book is full of provocative material, but is disappointing in quality. We hope that homosexuals, and other laymen, will continue to study and write on this subject. But to do real good - even to be widely read - it needs to be much better than this.

- F. C.

"He that would make his own liberty secure must guard even his enemy from oppression; for if he violates this duty he establishes a precedent that will reach to himself."

- Thomas Paine

LOVE IS NOT LOVE

(Continued from page 13)

They looked at each other, helplessly, neither knowing what to say or how to begin. The waitress took their orders and again they were alone.

"Lee said you were very attractive and she is right," Myra said.

"Thank you. She has told me a great deal about you, too." Alice took a cigarette and offered one to Myra. Myra shook her head.

"I don't really know why I came. I hope I haven't made you too uncomfortable." Alice opened her lips to reply but before the words came Myra went on. "I really only intended to have a peek at you..."

"Lee spoke of introducing us several weeks ago," Alice said. "I-I didn't want to. I was terrified. And now that I'm not going to see her any more, I certainly didn't..."

"You're not...what?"

"Didn't Lee tell you? We decided last night not to see each other again."

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They stared at each other across the table. The waitress came with their sandwiches and they were silent until she went away. Then Myra spoke.

"But I don't see...Why Lee was so happy this morning, so ...Oh, I'm terribly sorry, Alice, I didn't mean..."

"That's all right, Myra. I think I understand. Guess I'd been something of a trial to her lately..a kind of problem, I suppose. If she was happy this morning it was because I relieved her of the...burden."

"Would you tell me what happened? Or should I ask Lee?"

Alice looked down at her plate. "No, I'll tell you, Myra. I'm not sure that Lee even understands it well enough to tell you."

Myra picked up her sandwich and bit into it, her eyes on the girl's downcast face.

"You see," Alice went on. "I know when I'm defeated. Lee is very...fond of me. I guess at first I thought that would be enough. I..I supplied a certain something she was missing." The girl looked up at Myra, defiantly then, her eyes suddenly wet. "We both thought it would be enough."

"You mean you are not in love with her?"

"I mean she is not in love with me. She told me from the very beginning that she wouldn't leave you for anything in the world. But I didn't care about that...as long as I thought she loved me."

Alice took a sip of her coffee and Myra followed suit. "Even seeing her only one night a week...I was satisfied with that..as long as I thought she loved me. But Lee is a very straightforward person..you know that." Myra nodded agreement, her eyes compassionate.

"She couldn't even pretend. For instance..when she talked about things, well, it was always 'we'..'We should pick up tickets for the opera next week,' or 'We have to decide when to take our vacations,'..and the 'we' was always you

and she. The first time it happened...Lee and I were at a concert..and she was looking over the program and she said 'Oh, we simply must get out to this all-Grieg concert.' And I took for granted that she meant us..she and me..and then she said 'Myra just loves Grieg, she wouldn't want to miss this for anything.' So I knew. And after that, her 'we' was always you and she, Lee and Myra, and I never could get used to it..."

"You'd better eat," Myra said. "Your sandwich is getting dry." Alice took out a tissue and dabbed at her eyes. Then, obediently, she took a bite of her sandwich.

"Alice," Myra said, "It's..you are very generous to tell me all this. I have been pretty miserable lately. Not thinking very kindly of you...or Lee, either, for that matter."

"I don't blame you. I'm sorry, Myra. But you see, when I first met Lee..and knew how things were..are, with you and her, I thought that I wouldn't be taking anything from you if...But I know now that women need more than just one kind of fulfillment. I do. I have to feel that I am important to the person I love...Lee didn't mean to hurt me and I know that she didn't mean to hurt you. But you don't have to worry. You <u>are</u> important to her. The most important thing in the world."

Myra hurried back to her office, more than a little late. But she felt wonderful. Perhaps nothing was changed and nothing was solved. She was still fifteen years older than Lee, and undoubtedly there would be other things like this in the future. But now she knew what she knew...and it would never matter again.

Dr. Vera H. Plunkett

Chiropractor

465 geary street ORdway 3-3243

READER'S RESPOND

"YESTERDAY I RECEIVED MY SECOND COPY OF THE LADDER AND IMMEDIATELY READ IT FROM COVER TO COVER, SAVORING EACH AND EVERY WORD.

"WE SUBSCRIBE TO ONE MAGAZINE AND ENJOY IT, BUT TO HAVE A MAGAZINE OF OUR OWN IS SOMETHING FOR WHICH WE WILL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL."

B.N., HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

* * * * *

"ANOTHER YEAR HAS COME, LAUNCHING IN ITS WAKE AN AURA OF HOPE AND NEW CAUSES. CHANGE IS THE ESSENCE AND FLUX OF OUR TIMES: THE SUPREME UNREALIST IS HE WHO WOULD MAINTAIN THE STATUS QUO. AND AS THE DOB IS WELL ON ITS THIRD YEAR OF ACTIVITIES, LET US PAUSE AND FEEL WHAT'S IN THE WIND!

"THERE ARE THOSE WHO BUILD THEIR PRIVATE DENS OF PERFECTION--SELF-AWAKEMENT, REALIZATION, AWARENESS ARE THEIR MEANS. AND THERE ARE OTHERS (LIKE MYSELF), SEEKERS AFTER LOST CAUSES AND SOME THAT ARE NOT SO LOST - IN SEARCH OF A 'UTOPIA' OR A SANER, HAPPIER WORLD. THIS DICHOTOMIZATION OF VIEWS IS NOT AT ALL NECESSARY: INDEED, THERE IS GREAT NEED FOR SYNTHESIS. DWELLERS WITHIN OURSELVES THAT WE ARE, THERE'S YET A ONENESS OF EACH TO ALL MANKIND, AND THE UNIVERSE.

"NOW IN THIS TIME, THERE IS MUCH LITERATURE OF PROTEST ON THE 'CREEPING APATHY OF OUR AGE'. THE ANTHROPOLOGIST, MARGARET MEAD, CHARACTERIZES THE 'NEW AMERICAN' AS ONE SEEKING 'TO ESCAPE INTO ONE'S OWN LITTLE HOUSE AND ONE'S OWN LITTLE GARDEN AND THE SMALL BIT OF LIFE WHICH ONE MAKES A SUCCESS IN, AND THE CONCENTRATION UPON IT BECOMES A FLIGHT FROM LARGER ISSUES.' IN A SIMILAR VEIN, SIDNEY LENS FINDS THE MODERN CITIZEN RUNNING AWAY FROM THE BIG PROBLEMS OF WAR, PEACE AND SOCIAL INJUSTICE!

"THESE COMMENTS ARE PARTICULARLY RELEVANT TO THE HOMOSEXUAL, FOR NO WHERE HAS THERE BEEN A WORLD MORE ISOLATED, CUT OFF FROM SOCIETY AT LARGE. THERE ARE THE 'BARROOM CLIQUES' AND THE 'PARLOR CLIQUES', AND THE LONE COUPLES LIVING IN 'EGOISM A DEUX'. SO THE WORLD GOES BY, UNNOTICED, UNSEEN. PERHAPS THE TRAGEDY OF IT ALL IS THAT SUCH A RESTRICTION ROBS ONE OF THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE FINE AND FRIENDLY WORLD-AT-LARGE.

"RETURNING NOW TO THE DOB, WE ASK WHAT MAY BE DONE TO PROMOTE THE CAUSE OF INTEGRATION. THERE IS INTEGRATION OF PEOPLES, AND INTEGRATION OF IDEALS. THE FINEST OF ALL GARDENS IS THE VARIEGATED ONE WHERE THE ROSE AND THE VIOLET SHARE THE SUN, BUT LIE NOT IN EACH OTHER'S SHADOWS. AMONG THE DAUGHTERS, TOO, IDEAS MAY GROW: PSYCHOLOGY, SOCIOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, OR ANYTHING OF DEEP CONCERN AND OFF THE BEATEN PATH OF PURE HOMOSEXUALITY. ANOTHER MATTER COULD BE ENCOURAGEMENT TOWARD PARTICIPATION IN OUTSIDE GROUPS. THERE ARE MANY FINE ASSOCIATIONS BEYOND THE REALM OF THE STRICTLY HOMOSEXUAL WORLD NEEDING THE PARTICIPATION OF US WHO WOULD CAST ASIDE THE MANTLE OF 'DIFFERENCE-COMPLEX' AND FEAR.

"THEN ONE CAN ENVISION THE FUTURE OF GREATER KNOWING AND UNDERSTANDING IN THE TIDE OF WHAT ACCOMPLISHMENT HAS NOW BEEN PERFORMED. TWENTIETH CENTURY 'SUBTOPIA' NEED NOT BE PERMANENT WHEN A BETTER WORLD IS OUR AIM."

B.S., SAN LEANDRO, CALIF.

* * * * *

"YOUR MAGAZINE HAS GREAT POTENTIAL - YES, WE HAVE THESE 'ARM-CHAIR CRITICS' WRITING NOW AND AGAIN, INFORMING YOU OF LACK OF THIS AND THAT, ETC. HOWEVER, THESE SAME PEOPLE WOULD DO NOTHING TO HELP THE SITUATION - TALK NEVER WON THESE DO-GOODERS MUCH MERIT.

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S.M., ALLENTOWN, PA.

* * * * *

"I HAVE BEEN QUITE INTRIGUED BY THE FACT THERE ARE THREE HOMOSEXUAL ORGANIZATIONS - MATTACHINE SOCIETY, ONE, INC., AND THE DOB.

"IT WOULD SEEM THAT OUR CAUSE WOULD BE FAR BETTER SERVED WITH ONE LARGE ORGANIZATION INCLUDING ALL THOSE NOW WORKING DIVERGENTLY."

S.P., SEATTLE, WASH.

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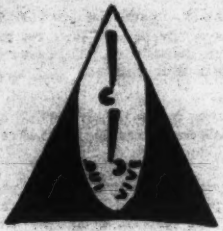
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